The Local Noodle

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Energy 2028 Initiative Recommends Breathing Less

Last week, Middlebury's Office of Sustainability announced a new method of attaining carbon neutrality: less breathing. The campaign is fronted by Envira Mentlist '24, who told the Noodle that, "according to a survey I conducted, the average human releases close to 476.9 bajillion tons of carbon dioxide a day simply by breathing. We've got to put a stop to that." Mentlist cites the main goal of the campaign as "getting people to exhale at altogether lower rates, for the greater good." As she climbed into her 2022 Jeep Wrangler, she admonished her interviewers: "Students here are wheezing, panting, planet-destroying machines, glutting every un-sustainable cell in their corpulent bodies with precious oxygen – it's really quite selfish."

This new initiative followed Middlebury's stagnated progress towards their Energy2028 goals, a failure attributed to Crude Oil Burning Club and Cattle Raising Club's recent mixer. The campaign also advises students to limit their discussion of things that "don't fucking involve them." As an example, Energy 2028 student liason Ima White-Libral claimed that twenty gallons of carbon dioxide were released into Earth's atmosphere after "that bitch Melissa told everyone that I blacked out at Middle S last weekend." Libral added, "I mean, just think about the polar bears. With every piece of malicious gossip you spread, it's like you're single-handedly executing a family of humble, God-fearing polar bears by firing squad."

Another campaign initiative encourages students with allergies to expose themselves mildly to their respective allergen. "If we can get students to mount just enough of a reaction to go into mild anaphylaxis, their heart rates and airways will shrink by 30%. Just think of the emissions decrease– that's the breathing rate equivalent to un-drinking, like, 40 cups of illegally harvested palm oil!" enthusiastically proclaimed White-Libral, who then promptly ended our interview. "Sorry, I've gotta run — SGA is having a rainforest logging contest that I'm judging. Serving on the student senate is so fulfilling! Anyway, we estimate that my efforts alone in this campaign will bring rising sea levels back down by at least a foot, conservatively. Environmental policy career, here I come!"

Middlebury Panther Pals Program Leads to Carnage

Beau Tician '23 triumphs during recess at Mary Hogan.

MARY HOGAN ELEMENTARY – Following the recent reinstatement of the Middlebury Recess Pals program, the Local Noodle caught up with Beau Tician '23, "Panther Pal" and Left Bench for Middlebury Football, as he prepared to lead the children through a football game. "For nine Saturdays in the fall, I ride pine like the subway," Beau said. "Hand me my spankin' new, never used gamepads – it's time to wreck these third and fourth graders' shit. These Vermont nerds won't know what hit 'em." When asked if this attire was "necessary" or "even allowed" he simply sniffed something off of his key chain and ran into the game, subbing out who he referred to as his "loser community friend who's in the program for a reason."

Middlebury College has long partnered with Mary Hogan Elementary School to give local seven and eight year olds college friends at recess. However, standing on the sidelines and taking in the instant carnage, third grade teacher Ms. Johnson compared the football game to "a Discovery Channel episode where the hyena massacres a pack of gazelles – if the hyena was just an extremely averagely built white man." As Beau scored his 56th touchdown, one could not help but notice the 21-child-deep pileup in the endzone, all covered in grass and blood. Watching Beau moonwalk to his 57th touchdown, one Mary Hogan student standing on the sidelines started to tear up and said he felt like he had "Wearned about dis in social studies when we learned about Chwistopher Cowumbus" adding "dis is indiscwiminate killing."

When the ambulance arrived, twins Mikey and Charlie, linebackers who had been playing in cargo shorts and sketchers, were diagnosed with CTE on the spot. Beau, when asked to comment on his actions, simply responded: "Me regret nothing — Winning isn't the most important thing; it's the only thing."

Run-In Between Hunting Club and Acting Seminar Ends in Disaster

Theater 101's Becoming the Animal seminar suffered a catastrophic blow on Friday after accidentally intercepting Middlebury's lesser known Hunting Club. In an attempt to reinstate their position at the top of the campus food chain after a history of negative PR, the Middlebury Hunting Club launched an expansive deer hunt. In an unexpected coincidence, theater students found themselves in the right place at the wrong time: on all fours, on the TAM, attempting to complete their midterm.

"When we set out to hunt on Friday," began hunting club president Amy Nition '24, "we had no idea that a bunch of theater kids would be in stunningly realistic deer onesies, bleating around the woods of the Green Mountain State."

Fortunately, all injuries were minor, as few in the club had the strength to operate the bows and arrows donated by The Merchant of Death, famed arms dealer and friend of the College.

"Just when we wanted to separate ourselves from the vintage y2k fashion bitches with their depop camo jackets," says Nition, "some theater freaks start gallivanting through our fields, deliberately place themselves in our way and make us look guilty. I'm just glad that we were dragging the armaments in a little red wagon, otherwise we would've looked really imposing."

Club secretary Ba Lystics '26 was one of the few who could manage to lift and fire a bow and arrow with his skinny, shaking, little boy arms. "That was actually the first target I've hit!" he exclaimed, "Just like my political hero, Dick Cheney, I too accidentally hit a 'deer' classmate in the face. Get it? Write that down."

Victims of the incident were not quite as positive, though many did cite the traumatic incident as a brilliant case of method acting.

"Something came over me when I put on that deer onesie," said Henry Whitetailington, the injured method actor in question. "Suddenly, I was a doe-eyed, hunky little helpless Bambi fuck, you know? There was something so freeing in living only with the animal instincts I have always felt but never paid attention to until now. I was majestic, mystical even, so vulnerable yet so strong. I would do anything to feel the thrill of that arrow gently grazing my cheek as I galloped away, tail ablow."

Panther Poppers

Sniff. Sniff. Rawr.

Middlebury Panther Poppers will soon be on sale at MiddExpress.

Special Report: Umm, Yeah, Umm, Uhh, Wait, Umm, Gimme a Sec, Wait Ummm

By NOODLE STAFF WRITER

Yeah, ummm, uhhh, the fuckin… yeah. You know. The thing, ummm uhhh …. I mean, you know! The, uhhhh ummmm…

So, I think I heard recently that uh at Middlebury College there's this new super funny thing that I had a great article idea for and I pitched it at our meeting and everyone told me I had to write about it for this article and I was like "yeah of course I will no sweat beast," and so here I am but I forgot some of it but I think I still got it. I'm pretty sure involved making fun of some club I think, it was definitely the Sailing Club… Or was it the Tea Club? Shit it was totally the Tea Club… so like imagine there's this dude at the Tea Club meeting hours or whatever, and he… uh… he spills his tea or something and says "Whoops-Tea Daisy," and um…

Or what if it was like a more elevated and smart article where we critique social roles through the Tea Club or something; like we have an article or something where it's like "Middlebury Tea Club Part of the 1%, but the People Who Drink it With Their Pinky Fingers Up Definitely Are." I think that would be super funny and we could probably get one of the funnier people on the Noodle to write it because I'm having a little trouble with this article as it is right now.

Or what if we hit the low-hanging fruit aisle and wrote about some dumbass football player-type guy who looks like his mom was a mouth breather throughout her pregnancy.

Noodle to Never Say Anything Ever About About Anything Ever Again

Following the backlash to the previous edition of The Local Noodle, we have decided to take accountability for our actions and never ever make jokes about anybody or anything ever again.

Many PHARISEES, PRIESTLY PHILOSOPHIZERS, and MORALIZING BRAHMINS have complained to us about the content of our articles. We'd like to take this opportunity to sincerely repent for ever criticizing any well intentioned person for anything, since, as we all know, having the right opinions and attitudes makes one entirely immune from reproach, satirization, criticism or mockery. Given that so many heroic people on this campus have decided – unlike us – to care about The Issues™ and have been trying to Find Solutions™, we acknowledge that we should never make fun of their heroism and bravery.

Since nobody has ever made a mistake in pursuit of a righteous cause, and proclaiming one's adherence to such a cause elevates one above mere mortals, we promise to never criticize anybody holding The Correct Opinions™ ever again. Scratch that, why stop there; since joking about people makes them feel bad and feeling bad is the worst thing in the world, we will stop doing that too. From now on we will exclusively publish impact font memes about cats.

The Local Noodle

CASSIE ELISH *Editor-in-Chief*
EMMA TZOTSCHEW *Trad Wife*
CAROLINE HARDING *Lost*
SKY ROBERTS-SALVADOR *Miami Lice*
CECE CALDWELL *Gyattwater*
JACOB COLLIER *Osama Bin Bear Den*
CESCA MEDEIROS *Sigma Female*
OLIVIA CHEN *Quadrupedal*
LUNA MCNEFF YEE *Lost at Sea*
JACK COLGATE *Chop Merchant*
ANDY CAO *Househusband*
OSCAR FLEET *Shibboleth*
AK PELLETIER *Jorkin It*
GRIFF CLINTON *Pickle Chip*
LUCAS FLEMMING *ELE*
SOFIA SUTTER *The Strength of the Hill*
JIM REILY *Dumb Blond*
GINGER HANLON *Off-Putting*
THEO MCDONOUGH *I am Cornholio*
MANDY FOURS *Booted*

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New Student Advocacy Group Formed: BONER

As the nation's economy continues to grind millions of workers into the dust, belch pollution into the sky and pour effluent into the rivers, a group of Middlebury students decided to take matters into their own hands. They have established a new student advocacy group; Brightening Our National Economic Reality, or "BONER" for short.

"Middlebury has never had a BONER. And I think that's just what the world needs right now. More BONERs, one at every college – hell, two, three, four, the sky's the limit," said Latengo Dura '24, the group's president.

When asked how BONER planned to address the systemic crisis of world civilization from the confines of a mediocre liberal arts college, Dura nodded sagely and said something about "systemic change" before cutting our interview short so he could make it to his Goldman Sachs superday on time.

Mike Hawk, '25, had more to say. "We need to take on these girthy subjects," said Hawk. "People are scared to talk about these things," he explained, lying. "The political and economic state of the world right now, you know, it's just so … such a big issue. But we need to stop circumcising – I mean circumscribing – our discussion of these topics."

"Right now, the US economy is a grower. 100%, I can't dispute that. It grows. 2% a year. But it's not a shower. It doesn't show working people that it's working for them. It just pumps money into holes – like FTX and Silicon Valley – while pushing ordinary people to the edge," added Professor Erik Shun, the club's faculty advisor.

When reached for comment, President Laurie Patton expressed cautious support for the group. "I'm optimistic about BONER's prospects at Middlebury. I just hope it doesn't end up like Cultural Unity for National Triumph did last year."

BONER
Brightening Our National Economic Reality

BONER's proposed logo hits just the right spot.

Op-Ed: Why There's Nothing Good About a Group of White People Singing Nostalgia-Pop in Axinn at 11:30pm on October 10, 2023

The following was submitted to the Noodle's editorial board by an affected Axinngoer on October 11th, 2023 at 12:03AM.

"You look so perfect standing there," they chant through the halls of Starr Library, "in my American Apparel Underwear…" All at once, upwards of 30 whites relish in a shared memory, the youthful yearning for a white partner with which to share a self-gratifying white love. "We all had the same childhood," you can imagine them saying to one another at one silly little white's suggestion that the ensemble move, next, to "Payphone," "I'm tryna call home!" Oh, the joy at the thought of a white Adam Levine! Laughs bubble from the hickory doors bottling in the mounting pleasure of these whites. The honky fever is so palpable you could juice it. The boiling protosexual flow of white energy quakes the bottle bottling it. Will it shatter? White comfort can't be contained! It sprays through the seams of the bottle cap, the doors and windows of the old room leaking white, cheery song into the air beyond. At the locking of each other's gaze, their eyes cry together in affirmation, "You're white, and so am I! Oh, happy day!" But there's something else in that milky spray, a vague threat which dances whiteley to those ears which lie beyond the creamy white chamber. "Disagree with us," it whispers, "if you dare." And so there we sit, those ears and eyes outside the white pressure cooker, listening as whiteness masturbates to the thought of whiteness. How to Train Your Dragon gives way to Paul Walker, "Will I see you again?" Thirty-plus white throats harmonize in unison, undaunted, haunted by nothing but the specter of white-on-white betrayal. We all had silly band collections back then. La La Land was a work of goddamn art. "What do you mean," they say, "by 'it wasn't better when we didn't feel so guilty and white for being so… well… white'?" Let them carry white on, we say. But at what white cost?

Come to townhouses to drink wine like a man, unhindered by the female gaze.

Upon closer examination, the Proud to be a Panther Challenge appears to be a secret furry competition.

Call Me By His Name: My Girlfriend is Dating Me Because I Look Like Her Cousin

It's every guy's worst nightmare – having your significant other call you by some other name, intercoitus. It's even worse when the holder of that name shares 12.5% of her genome. Unfortunately, exactly this sort of incident is now on the verge of unraveling the once-promising, month-and-a-half-long relationship between Heeza Victim, '27, and Aymfa Kin McCuhzin, '23.5.

Many have remarked on the striking resemblance between Victim and his girlfriend's first cousin. When confronted by concerned friends earlier in the week, McCuhzin defended herself; "So what if they both have the same full lips, powerfully pulsating biceps, striking green eyes, curly brown hair flowing down a tanned and muscular back – in a classy way, not a hippy way – so what? I mean, it's just a coincidence, okay? Anyway, I don't think they look THAT similar, especially since my cousin has a WAY bigger … nose."

But the truth came out late last Saturday, when McCuhzin, in the throes of passion, accidentally let the cards fall out of her sleeve, and called out the name of her cousin instead of Victim's.

Although she tried to assure her shocked boyfriend that he had simply misheard, he was having none of it. "Nothing kills your boner like realizing you're simply a prop in your partner's elaborate incest fantasy," he said later. "Really gives "Freudian slip" a whole new meaning," he added, before we assured him that that was exactly what "Freudian slip" meant.

Later, however, mutual friend Whit Ness '25, expressed a measure of relief at the break-up. "Thanksgiving would've been awwwkwaarrrddd," she remarked.